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VOICES OF PEACE

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VOICES *of* PEACE

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VOICES of PEACE

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EDITORIALS

ERGASIOPHOBIA

In thoughtful conversation we often use such terms as "subconscious," "introspection," "personality," "fear," and "worry." In speaking of the fear and worry complexes we often use the term "phobia." Phobias are numerous and affect many people. Siderodromaphobia, fear of railways, and nyctophobia, fear of darkness, are examples. Greta Garbo has ochlophobia, which is fear of crowds.

We, as college students, are mainly concerned with ergasiophobia. In our complex routine, we should be aware of this disease and combat it with all our efforts. When a teacher assigns a long chapter to be outlined, do we tremble and shudder? If we are appointed to some committee, do we make excuses? Careful consideration and diligent practice should be exercised as combative agents against ergasiophobia, which is fear of work.

KICKERS AGAINST THE PRICKS

How many of you know some one, perhaps in your home town, who habitually disagrees with any new plan for civic improvement? Her chief delight is opposing the group. She offers no helpful or constructive criticism, just voices disapproval. Such people object, for example, to the establishment of a library. Their reason is that it costs too much,

but they offer no plan for the raising of funds. Certain ladies in a club object to new playground equipment in the park not because of expense, but for sheer pleasure in being obstinate. People showing this selfish tendency are repugnant and a menace to society.

Even in our own school are there not girls that show the wrong attitude toward the whole school life? No matter what motion is made or what project is mapped out, they disapprove. Their interest is not centered in the discussions; this is shown by their carelessly formed arguments. Of course they have a right to their opinions, but what are these opinions? The girls themselves do not know. Just because the project would be beneficial to the group, they balk.

If we habitually and mercilessly criticize, let us try to overcome such tendencies and coöperate to formulate plans by which all may profit. It may save the group from needless compromise and keep us from being known as "kickers against the pricks."

WHERE DOES OUR MONEY GO?

Frequently, business concerns consider giving an "ad" to a school publication such as the *Lotus* or *Voices of Peace,* as mere charity. They expect to receive no returns from their generous "donations." We are grateful to those who give us advertisements; without them our publications would not be possible. But we wish to convince them that they are receiving returns from their advertisements. It is up to the Peace girls to coöperate and see that our goal is attained.

Our bulletin board is open to our advertisers; our post office distributes their printed matter among the students and faculty. In other words, the administration strongly supports these business concerns. How about the students? When we know that we can purchase a certain article at any of three stores, only one of which has given us an "ad," where does our money go? Why not patronize those who patronize us?

Let us note the list of our advertising friends in this magazine; let us give our trade to these people; let us prove to them that school advertising is not charity, but a profitable business transaction.

M. F.

VOICING APPRECIATION

The staff of *Voices of Peace* extends to the staff of the *Lotus* our sincere appreciation for their excellent work in securing advertisements; it has made possible the printing of this issue of *Voices of Peace.* We are eagerly looking forward to the appearance of the *Lotus* in May. We feel that we are co-laborers in the effort to attain high standards in the field of junior college publications.

WEDDING PRESENT

Phil Donovan, No. 1 ranking player on the Davis Cup team, had been in Pinehurst only a week. He had come to play in the North and South tournament, and it was his first visit to this Carolina resort. His idea of a "resort" had been a quiet, lonely town where rheumatic millionaires came to escape the cold northern winters; therefore he was very much surprised to find that there were more young and healthy people than old ones, and that there was always something exciting to do.

This fact was impressed upon him on the morning after his arrival, when he was driving his black topless roadster along a dirt road that wound around a picturesque golf course. Driving slowly, he watched the occasional players teeing off and sending beautiful long drives down the green, freshly-cut fairways, and wondered if he could risk playing his amateur game with so many professionals around. He had just stopped his car to watch a putt, when suddenly he heard a terrific crash, and simultaneously felt something hard hit his head, and bounce off into his lap. As he sat, stunned by the suddenness of the blow and the sharp pain in his head, it dawned upon him that the innocent-looking golf ball perched on his knee was responsible for the damage.

With an oath, he rubbed his aching head. "What fool woman mistook my head for the cup? There ought to be a law against amateurs playing on a public course! If I ever get my hands on her, I'll knock her in the head with an iron!"

Angrily, he picked up the ball and hurled it into a clump of nearby bushes. But the throbbing bump was forgotten when from the place where the ball had disappeared a shrill scream issued, unmistakably from a woman.

"Pat, what's the matter? What's happened?" This came from a man, also hidden from Phil's amazed stare.

"Matter!" she yelled furiously. "I'll show you what's the matter, Stuart Upton! I'll knock your silly brains out if you come near me!"

The next instant the bushes parted, to emit in rapid succession a tall, lanky youth whom Phil recognized as Stuart Upton, another Cup player, and a girl in yellow shorts with a golf club raised in her hand. The man was pleading for her to stop and listen to reason, but evidently she was in no reasoning mood, and her speed increased with every mad leap. Phil burst out laughing, forgetting he had paid no admission to this show.

But if Stuart's pleading could not halt the girl, Phil's laughter did. She turned around and stood glaring at him, then took quick, bold steps in the direction of his car.

His chuckles ended in a gasp as he looked at her. She was slender, her bare legs and arms a smooth dark brown, and her hair a light golden. But most of all, he noticed the bright blue of her flashing eyes.

"What's so funny?" she asked him fiercely. "How would you feel if someone deliberately hit you in the head with a golf ball! I'll kill him yet if I get hold of him——!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" Phil interrupted, suppressing a laugh. "You're so excited you can't even talk. Look what happened to me!" He indicated the smashed windshield and then the rising knob on his head. This only made more fire come into her sky-blue eyes.

"Oh, I see . . . so *you're* the one! *You* did it, did you?" She aimed the club at Phil's already aching head, but he caught it on its way, and his white teeth flashed. Suddenly she noticed those teeth—how white and even they were, how wavy his hair, and how dark and twinkling his eyes. All at once it dawned on her that she had seen his picture in the morning paper—he was Phil Donovan, the tennis player.

"Oh, I hate you," she gasped, and turning she started toward the clubhouse, her head high and her retreating back the picture of haughty indignation.

Phil watched her for a moment, still smiling; then, since Stuart was nowhere to be seen, he laid the club on the seat beside him and drove away.

Soon it was evident that Stuart and Pat had made up, for they were seen everywhere together. Only a few mornings after the incident of the golf ball Phil met them on the practice courts, laughing and talking as if nothing had happened. Phil had just taken his racket from the press and was gathering his balls when they came up, Stuart in white ducks and Pat in a light-blue dress that matched her eyes perfectly.

"Phil, you seen Bradley? We were going to ping awhile, and I can't find him anywhere." Stuart spoke rapidly, cutting off his words.

Looking up, Phil's eyes met Pat's, and for a brief second he was held hypnotized. Then he turned to Stuart.

"No, I haven't," he answered pleasantly, and continued getting ready for his match.

Stuart, remembering Pat, cleared his throat for the necessary introduction. "Oh, pardon me . . . I don't believe you two have met. Miss Collins, Mr. Donovan."

Phil straightened his back and shook her small brown hand as they exchanged "how-do-you-do's."

"Sorry I have to leave just now," he said, "but it's about time for the match. Glad to have met you, Miss Collins." He glanced at her quickly with a grin that spoke volumes. "I suppose you two will be around for a while?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Sure. Good luck, Donovan; hope you win." Stuart grasped his hand, but Pat looked at him with a glint in her eyes.

"Oh, do *you* play tennis, too? Are you on the Cup team?" she asked in an innocent tone that, in spite of her efforts, almost broke out in laughter. Phil ignored her completely, and stalked out on the court.

His first opponent was Hugh Wilson, a red-haired, youthful Pennsylvanian who had made a great sensation the previous summer, and Wilson now played his best tennis. However, he was no match for Donovan, who was in fine form; his drives were deep and accurate, and he was thoroughly in command of the situation. It soon became evident that the match would go Phil's way; he led Wilson two games to one in the semi-finals. After the game, when Stuart and others were congratulating him, Pat stood aside and said not a word.

Soon arrived the night before the finals. Phil and Stuart remained in the tournament. From the stone terrace of the Chalfonte, Pinehurst's "ritziest" night club, where Phil stood leaning against the railing, he watched the dancers on the inside. They were moving rhythmically to the soft, smooth music that makes one feel either blissful or miserable. Phil felt miserable. He turned around, sighing, and mechanically lit a cigarette. For a moment he remained motionless, staring into the night.

"Phil," his companion finally ventured, "don't you think you've been smoking too much tonight? Everybody's counting on you to make the finals tomorrow, and if you don't keep fit——." His trailing voice received no response.

He made another attempt. "It's about time for that cute redhead to dance. Let's go get a drink—what do you say?"

Evidently Phil heard him this time, for he flipped his cigarette into the darkness and, facing him, replied, "Okay, Bob, I think that's just what I need. Something to give me some pep."

They went inside, and as they crossed the room to a somewhat secluded corner table, all eyes were upon them. A low murmur passed over the room.

"That's him, the tall one," someone said.

"Boy, can he hit 'em!"

"Isn't he smooth-looking?"

To their ears came only fragments of talk, but they paid no attention.

Now, as Phil, from his table in the corner, saw Pat and Stuart enter the ballroom, he caught his breath at her beauty. She was dressed in clinging white satin that revealed her beautiful shoulders and back; she resembled a lily, her golden head held high above the snowy white of her dress. Dancing with Stuart, her lithe body moved with perfect rhythm and grace, and she looked into the depths of his eyes, smiling.

Phil watched them jealously, envious of Stuart who held this angel's love. Soon he saw them dancing toward the door that opened onto the terrace; then they disappeared.

Obeying a sudden impulse, he followed them, but stopped at the door, not daring to go outside. From where he stood, apparently watching the passing dancers, he could hear clearly every word that passed between them—and what he heard made his heart cold in his breast. He leaned

against the door for support, not believing his ears. Pat was promising to marry Stuart in a week if he would win the finals from Donovan the next day!

In spite of Pat's constant association with Stuart, Phil had not given up hope until now. All the while he had told himself that she did not really love Stuart; but now there was no doubt about it. Hadn't he heard it from her own lips? Everything now depended on that tennis match. Phil had taken it for granted he would win, as he had beaten Stuart in almost every game they had played; but what was the use, if she loved Stuart that much?

The day of the finals dawned, and a flawless morning grew toward noon. The weather was perfect for tennis; the sky was a clear, windswept blue, and the smooth courts glared in the sun. Pat, dressed in white and black, was in the gallery long before the match began, sitting with some of the team players, ready to watch every shot.

Since Phil's spectacular defeat of Wilson in the semi-finals, the tennis fans had unanimously picked him to take the finals, too; but some of the team players who knew more about Stuart's steadiness and cunning shots were doubtful. One thing was certain—the match would be close.

The minute Stuart walked onto the court, Pat knew that he was in top form. He looked over the bleachers and found her, and she shot him an encouraging smile. Then he went to work. He had complete mastery of his shots, and his serve had a zipping spin that seemed to land exactly where he wanted it. But something was wrong with Donovan; his game had gone to pieces. He didn't hit just an occasional bad shot—nearly *all* his drives went out of bounds or into the net. After the first game, the spectators began to look disappointed; after the first set, a murmur went over the gallery. The match they had anticipated with so much pleasure was a walkaway. Stuart lost only one game, and that loss was no doubt voluntary. The final score was 6-0, 6-0, 6-1.

The crowd was rising. Phil shook hands with Stuart. "Congratulations, Upton. The best man always wins," he said, smiling with a good-natured smile. "I enjoyed playing with you. When I learn some of your tricks, I'll try it again."

"Thanks, ol' top," Stuart answered. "We'll have to play again. I feel like you weren't your best today, and——." He was interrupted by Hugh, Steve, and all the other team-mates, and turned away to receive their congratulations.

Phil, making his way from the crowd surrounding the victor to the locker-rooms, wondered what Pat would say to Stuart, and wished, rather ironically, that he could see her face when she said it. But just as he reached the entrance, his thoughts were interrupted by a hand on his arm.

"Phil," Pat said very seriously, and he whirled to face her. "Why did you let Stuart beat you like that? Don't you have any ambition at all? I'd think you'd at least try! Not give him every game."

Suddenly, as he looked down at her, she seemed not at all the vivacious, independent Pat he had known, but a very young and helpless Pat, needing someone big and strong—like Stuart—to take care of her. He stood for a moment unable to speak, and she caught at his hands, pressing them hard between her own.

"Phil, why *did* you let him do it? He made a perfect fool of you!"

Very slowly he answered her: "I did it for a girl that I think a lot of, Pat. You see, I happened to overhear a conversation last night, and——."

"Phil, you didn't!" She looked at him questioningly, almost furiously. "Phil, you couldn't have! I don't believe you!"

"Well, why not, Pat? The cup meant nothing to me, and it meant all the world to Stuart. It meant *you*. That's my wedding present to you, Pat, and I hope you'll be very——happy." He turned away, not trusting himself to look at her any longer.

"Phil," she whispered, and he stopped at the note in her voice. "Phil, I'm not going to marry Stuart. I never would have told him that if I'd thought he would win. I don't know why I said it, when all the time——" she paused a moment; and when she tried again to speak, she found his lips in the way.

When the noise of the players approaching brought them back to earth, Pat was still in Phil's arms, and tears of joy were streaming down her face.

"Pat! Pat, darling," Stuart called from a distance. "Where are you?"

But his words did not reach her, for she was in another world, and in this world there was room for no one else but Phil.

Marcella Folley, '37.

FIVE POEMS

TIDES

Stillness, and silence so deep
That I can hear my heart beat;
And then, as tho' to startle me,
A sudden swish comes from the sea—
And lapping faster, one by one
The waves in vain persistence come.
"Be still, my heart, I have not lied—
'Twas only the changing of the tide."

THE ANSWER

Go away!
'Tis useless thus
For you to weep;
The beating of your tears
Upon my heart
Is like the splashing of rain
Upon cold window-panes.

WONDER

Outside my window
A solitary leaf hangs trembling
To the chestnut bough—
Sometimes I wonder
Why the strong wind
Does not blow it down.

TIME

I stood and watched
The seconds grow to minutes,
And then hours and days and weeks;
I watched the fleeting weeks
Merge into months, the months to years—
I saw the feverish years in mad profusion pour
Life upon life—
And then I heard a young man cry,
"Can nothing ever stop
The cruel flood of time?"
But I could only shake my head
For a reply.

ASPECTS

Brown eyes, filled with tears,
See blurred gray skies—
Through dull spattered window-panes;

Blue eyes with wonder peer
At silver skies—
Through windows daintily patterned with rain.

Ellen Munroe, '38.

ORANGE PEEL

Orange peel, bottles, tea-pots, lunch boxes, and cigarette stubs cover the floor. It is time for the boy to come again to sprinkle wet, green sawdust down the aisle and sweep up the rubbish.

I squirm in my green plush third-class seat with its hard, straight back, and inch a little further away from the intrusive odor of garlic, which reeks from the old farmer snoring beside me. His feet are pulled up under him and a large *furoshilsi,* stuffed with food and red underwear, is poised on his knees. His wrinkled, sunburned head is tied with a dirty towel and his kimono stained from the paddy fields.

In the seat across the aisle two old women gossip in cracked voices. Their mouths fall open, showing their black, snaggled teeth, as they occasionally pause to stare out the window. Every now and then they take sips of tea from little clay tea-pots with great smacks of appreciation.

Two seats down the aisle a tired-looking woman is nursing a baby, tucking up her stray wisps of hair with a large pink hair-pin, and calling to a small boy all at the same time. The bright-eyed imp pays her not the least attention, but swings himself down the car by the arms of the seats, yelling with glee. He pauses frequently to gaze at me with fascination and as frequently he falls into the spittoons in the narrow, dirty aisle.

Another mother tries in vain to quiet her shrieking baby by pulling an endless number of oranges and cakes from her sleeves and jogging the poor child up and down.

A pilgrim sits gaping at me, while I stare back at his dusty straw sandals and his wide pilgrim hat. He has evidently visited all the chief southern shrines, for his white coat is covered with hundreds of red seals, proclaiming his zealous piety.

Yes, there are the students, too, so much a part of the Japan of today. A group of them sway in the door, good-humoredly jostling one another. Their uniforms are patched and baggy at knees and elbows and shiny on the seats, and as always their hair needs a cutting and their clumsy shoes a shine.

Now at last the boy is sprinkling the sawdust down the aisle. "Hurry, old lady, with that orange, so he'll sweep up your peel!"

Ellen Munroe, '38.

EMILY DICKINSON—A SUN

[EDITORS' NOTE: In the winter of 1935, the class in English A (first year college) was introduced, mainly by class readings and informal comments, to the poetry of Emily Dickinson. About ten students chose, for their term themes, to write about the Amherst poet, one discussing her wit and vivacity, another the "femininity" in her verse, and others her color-words, her treatment of butterflies, etc. The main source for these papers was, of course, the Centenary Edition of Emily Dickinson's poems. As no magazine was published at Peace that year or the next, the editors of *Voices of Peace* offer to their readers the following two-year-old article by one of the most beloved alumnæ of the class of 1936.]

May we not call Emily Dickinson, the poetess, a sun? Yes, she was a sun in her intimate world like the sun she loved so sincerely and reverently in this great world. Her rays beamed on all, and will continue to radiate their light forever.

Of her bees we have heard many times, and we know she loved the butterfly. Genevieve Taggard concludes her biography of "Emily"—as we shall call her—with the poet's own words:

> "In the name of the bee
> And of the butterfly
> And of the breeze, amen."

Why couldn't she have added "and the sun"? The sun is found stored away in Emily's treasured passages many, many times.

Wandering around in the glowing lanes of Emily's rapturous poetry, one may count one hundred and ten suns. These suns are of many varieties. One is held in the lap of the breezes, while another is brought in a cup. There is another sun that dares to juggle the day. Another time we gasp for breath as "The sun goes crooked—that is night—." In that line the true Emily is observed—an Emily who associates words in such a way that they become entrancing.

I have attempted to classify the sun, as Emily has treated it, in several groups. Life to the young Emily was a delight. Everything to her was animate. The sun, for example, is personified thirty-three times. Once it becomes a sheriff:

> "The sun sent out
> Faint Deputies of heat."

Then we learn that the

> "Sunshine stopped upon the place
> And fastened it in dawn."

Again, it becomes a worker for its master:

"The sun proceeds unmoved
To measure off another day
For an approving God."

These tiny passages are indicative of the lambent glory of life as Emily saw it.

The sun meant cheer, glory, inspiration to her just as it does to us. After a radiant day do we not feel like saying:

"Sunshine was a sweet place,
I liked to stay—"?

When the curtain is drawn on our last scene in life and we know

"The sun kept setting, setting still;
No hue of afternoon,"

shall we not glory in the knowledge that we have taken up our "simple wardrobe" and "started for the sun"? Fifteen allusions are made to that greater sun which shall shine in the life to come.

Five times Emily specifically acknowledges God's greatness in the glory of the sun. On many other occasions, also, similar meanings are implied. Of her own life her biographers have said: "Without God she would have been nothing," "She was God's critic," and "She was a part of God." Few greater tributes could be paid to anyone. One of her sweetest and most impressive poems is that which begins:

"The daisy follows soft the sun,
And when his golden walk is done,
Sits shyly at his feet;"

and concludes with

"We are the flower, Thou the sun!
Forgive us if as days decline
We nearer steal to Thee."

I think here Emily had a picture in mind of Christ as He sat with the children around His feet, blessing them. Surely, the small children were as flowers to Him, and He was their Sun. To follow Him means all—possibility, purpose, power, and poetry. Through the lines of Emily's poems, His glory shines. This is Emily's secret.

The sun was indeed loved by this sweet, wholesome girl who, like Peter Pan, in some ways never really grew up. There are thirty-eight

allusions to the sun that fit into none of my divisions. Seven times she uses it in similes, and even more noticeable is the fact that twelve poems deal entirely with this luminary.

These twelve poems are among the most beautiful Emily Dickinson has written. From the sun come all the colors; so she appropriately places them in these poems. Here are two passages showing her favorite color:

"To intercept his yellow plan
The sun does not allow;"

"And if his yellow feet should miss
The birds would not arise."

Also, there are two particularly striking reds:

"A lady red upon the hill
Her annual secret keeps;"

"Like mighty footlights burned the red
At bases of the trees."

In these poems, simple, vivid lines expressing our thoughts in just the ways we should wish to say them are common occurrences. "How the old mountains drip with sunset," is an example. Metaphorical employment of the sun is striking, as when Emily, sending brilliant flowers to a friend, declares: "I send two sunsets." Color words are used in odd places, as when she pleads:

"Let no sunrise' yellow noise
Interrupt this ground."

Madame Bianchi has said of Emily Dickinson: "Her poems and letters are her own records of herself." This is true; for as I have read her life story, it seems as if she has revealed her own character, her life, and her loves in her poems.

Emily remained ever somewhat of a child. Though in later years she shunned the world, there was a time when she longed for it. Once she sat up all night to watch for a circus that was to pass her window in the early morn. Perhaps it was on some such occasion that she wrote:

"I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran."

Words that delight children were continually employed by Emily. When she says, "Or sunset's yellow play," one can visualize the sun frolicking around in glee, playing among the children, and delighting in the revelry. She also describes a child's simple faith:

"The child's faith is new,
Whole—like his principle—
Wide—like the sunrise
On fresh eyes."

This charming, ever-young Emily was as independent as our country in her thoughts and expressions. Though she generally obeyed the commands and wishes of her father outwardly, she thought as she pleased. These contemplations were cast into poems which Emily never wished the world to see, but which, thanks to her sister and niece, we have to enjoy today. In one poem she expresses the freedom of a small stone, rambling alone in the road, as "independent as the sun." A wee stone as independent as the sun who rules supreme in the heavens? Was it not like our Emily who felt as small as a stone, yet as independent as the sun?

Emily loved deeply. Those whom she loved became a part of her, and with these loved ones she considered all things as possible. Love there was for some one man whose identity has long been questioned. She often addressed this love as an animate being, that accompanied her in her solitude. Once, after addressing love as being high and again as being deep, she says: "Who knows but we'd reach the sun?" In this line does she not combine her two greatest loves?

The sunset was especially dear to her. Often she saw it as a fire. Once, it is said, she became very startled because, giving only a glance towards the barn as it stood outlined in the glory of the setting sun, she thought it to be afire. Martha Bianchi says: "A sudden fire, though it might be only a small shed burning behind a yellow barn, set the elements loose and sent her off into Revelation." As Emily was so aroused by a fire and as the sun reminded her of a fire, may we not say that a sunset affected her in the same way? Her father was also inclined to be aroused by the beauty of the sunset. Once the entire town was startled by the clanging of the church bells on a Monday evening. The people rushed out to see what the trouble could be. Nothing was seen but an evening sky of crimson and gold with beautiful rays from the dying sun. It was soon discovered that it was Mr. Edward Dickinson who rang the bells. He could not refrain from calling all his townsmen out to see the unusual glory in the west.

"The largest fire ever known
Occurs each afternoon,
Discovered is without surprise,
Proceeds without concern:
Consumes, and no report to men,
An Occidental town,
Rebuilt another morning
To be again burned down."

Emily Dickinson has "passed beyond the sun," but her rays have continued to shine through the years. These rays, her poems, have given inspiration to many readers. We may well say of Emily Dickinson, the sun, as she has said of the firmamental sun:

"She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!

"You dropped a purple ravelling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!

"And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars—
And then I come away."

MARJORIE GERBER, '36.

"A LIGHT EXISTS IN SPRING"

"A light exists in spring
Not present on the year
At any other period.
When March is scarcely here

"A color stands abroad
On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,
But human nature *feels*.

"It waits upon the lawn;
It shows the furthest tree
Upon the furthest slope we know;
It almost speaks to me.

"Then, as horizons step,
Or noons report away,
Without the formula of sound,
It passes, and we stay:

"A quality of loss
Affecting our content,
As trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a sacrament."

Often what most appeals to us in print is that which most nearly expresses our own thoughts, thoughts which we have never been able to convey in words. For this reason, "A Light Exists in Spring," by Emily Dickinson, has a special meaning for me.

The poem is a combination of a delicate, spontaneous thought put into words, and a deeper meaning that strikes the reader fairly between the eyes. Its beauty and depth are bound together with tender green shoots of words and phrases, giving an unequaled freshness; light and airy, yet with body enough to prevent frivolity.

The first three lines carry the statement that on first sight appears to be the whole thought of the poem. The "light" mentioned has undoubtedly been noticed by every mortal who has eyes to see, and I am sure must exist in the minds of the blind. A delicate green glow it is, radiating tenderly from newly-budded maples and brand-new shoots of grass on every meadow and hillside. It suffuses the sun-bathed morning; it glows brightest at noon; it fades to a delicate coolness at evening. Yet, although one could dwell for pages on these first three lines, they contain only an iota of the full meaning of the poem.

In the next stanza, "A color stands abroad." Although March is so colorful a month, we are prone to fall into the state of mind that concerns itself only with the biting coldness and velocity of the wind, and we are often blind to the variety of hues and colors. The wind fans the new grass, exposing every imaginable shade of green, and the maples seem to be exerting themselves tremendously to supplement these shades, lest one tint be overlooked. The sunrise provides a delicate flush, and the sunset decks the whole blue sky and green earth with a glorious headdress of crimson, purple, and gold. Yet the most beautiful part of this is not the mere sight of glory in nature, but the *feeling* of spring which accompanies it. Great, indeed, would be the artist who could do justice to this feeling in words. Wise Emily Dickinson! who knew this, and left us only a hint.

In the next stanza, "It waits upon the lawn," we find sparkling over everything an effervescent light. Who has not seen the green glow of spring on new-born grass? Who has not watched the illumination of every blade, of every insect that crawls on every blade? "It shows the

furthest tree Upon the furthest slope we know." What other season gives this clarity of vision? Early winter, perhaps, but then the trees are bare-limbed and the skies are gray, while in spring budding life is everywhere—"It almost speaks to me."

Then in the last eight lines, we reach the meaning of the whole poem. In the long twilights, when spring is slipping into summer, there is often a hovering atmosphere of separation, a sense of irreparable loss. A feeling of unspeakable sorrow overwhelms us, and we know not why. Even the small satisfaction of expressing our feelings is denied our clumsy tongues, until we find them written in these lines.

No further words on this poem can I offer. What I have written has been only my personal feeling, and many different interpretations might be suggested by as many readers. Finding beauty, we are reluctant to let it go without a comment, though our comments fall far short of the beauty we see. As you read these lines yourself, you will feel as I do the closeness of Emily Dickinson's kinship with anyone who sees and appreciates loveliness.

NANCY JONES, '37.

DILEMMA

Sketches, drat 'em! Whoever invented the things, anyway? Irving? Was he man or was he mice—I mean, mouse? Seems to me he could've used his brains to a much better advantage. And why th' heck did Bozzy have to assign sketches for tomorrow?

Come to think of it, I haven't even the faintest sort of idea as to what a sketch is. Maybe it would be a good idea to look it up before I try anything.

Where did I put my book? Seems as if it never . . . Oh, here it is—under the bed, of course! That's the proper and most appropriate place for such material! Sketch . . . Maybe they won't be mentioned in this book. Oh, ho! here go my hopes; here it is: "The sketch is almost the direct antithesis of the anecdote." Sounds like Greek to me. What is antithesis, anyway?

Where did Lib leave her dictionary? I never can find it when I need it, and yet it always seems to be under my feet. Whoopee! Now what've I stumbled over? Come here, Webster! It's high time you showed up!

"Antiquity"—no, that's not it. Here—"antithesis, the direct opposite." Certainly is strange how things I know slip my mind so easily. "The direct opposite"—how simple. "The sketch is almost the direct opposite of the anecdote." Why, even I understand that. Is light at last beginning to break? Why, I feel almost intelligent. Now I'll write my sketch and just show Bozzy how well I can do!

Wait, now—I might have known there'd be a catch somewhere. What under the sun, moon, and stars—or above them, either, for that matter—shall I write about? Mind, why don't you do your duty? That's what you're up there for, yet you never function. Oh, my, why can't I think of something sketchy—something besides this month's allowance, although heaven only knows that that is sketchy enough?

Maybe I'm not so intelligent, after all! There goes the bell! Why, I've spent a whole period drudging on this sketch and I am exactly where I started at 2:53!

Peggy Stixrud, '38.

FATE DEALS THE HANDS

Jud had done it! Done the thing that he had so cleverly planned. For many years he had been blackmailed by Larry Bowes, who kept him poor by his demands. Pleading with Bowes had only one effect: each subsequent demand for money became greater and greater until Jud could stand it no longer; so he had killed him.

Walking along the crowded avenue, Jud reviewed in his mind that last terrible hour. He had climbed the four flights of dark, damp steps to the small apartment which was the home of Bowes. He clearly remembered stumbling over the last step in his haste to reach the apartment, the feel of that cool thing and its silencer, resting in his gray sweater pocket, and the almost insane desire to laugh. Then the scene blurred. He could see the surprised look on Bowes' face, the taunting black eyes turning to pools of terror, and the cruel lips forming an unspoken plea for mercy as the quick silent shot penetrated his heart. How ghastly it all was! That slumped body in its widening pool of blood seemed to be calling in a loud voice: "Catch that man, he's a murderer!" He shuddered and looked fearfully about him. Who were those men loitering on the corner? Did they know what he had done? Of course not! Hadn't he used a silencer on his gun and covered every track?

Suddenly a sound pierced Jud's reverie. He stopped and saw that he was in front of a church. Someone was playing the organ inside and the resounding peals drew him as a magnet into the hallowed beauty of its interior. He slipped unseen into one of the pews. Gradually, as he listened to the music, his befogged mind cleared and he was filled with a sense of remorse. Why had he done such a terrible thing? Why had he not left town so that Larry could never find him? But in his heart Jud knew that was impossible—Larry had a way of ferreting out his hiding-places. But was the price of living like a hunted animal all the rest of his life worth being rid of Larry? No, he decided it wasn't. He suddenly became afraid of everyone. Even the lady playing the

organ became a person to fear. He arose from his seat and staggered from the church.

On the sidewalk, Jud ran straight into a policeman. Relief coursed over his body. No longer would he be hunted like an animal; no longer would he have that awful fear which had possessed him since his crime. Jail would be far better than that. Jud poured out the whole sordid story to the astonished blue-coated figure who took him into custody, and sent a posse for the victim's body.

Several hours later, in his dark cell, Jud sat shivering. Of course it would be the death sentence for him. There could be no other verdict, for hadn't he admitted killing the man in cold blood? All night long he lay awake reviewing in his mind the events of that dreadful day. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the first vague fingers of light crept over the prison window. The warden brought in his breakfast and a paper for which he had asked. He glanced quickly at the first page. There, in bold, black headlines, he read: "FIRE DESTROYED MASON PLACE LAST NIGHT; TWENTY-THREE PERSONS PERISHED." Below he read: *"Last night at about one o'clock the Mason Apartment House on Fifty-ninth Street caught fire. All those on the fourth and fifth floors were trapped by the burning stairway and perished in the flames. An ironical fact is that Larry Bowes, one of the lodgers on the fifth floor, had been murdered about two hours before the fire. The murderer, who will doubtless be electrocuted for this crime, deprived Bowes of only two hours of life and saved him from the agony of burning to death. The murder was committed by . . ."*

The paper slipped through Jud's nerveless fingers and dropped to the floor. He looked at his cell mate and laughed mirthlessly. "God!" he said. "Ain't life funny?"

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, '37.

THE CHEROKEES

The Cherokees, who have probably the longest history of all the North American tribes, are descendants of the powerful Iroquoian Indians, who formerly inhabited the Northern section of the United States. At some very early date the Cherokees separated from this tribe; for they were first seen by white men in Florida in 1540. This, however, was undoubtedly a wandering group of Cherokees or the southernmost settlement. De Soto described this group of Indians as being lean and weak physically, and as having very poor crops; they were quite different from the Cherokees farther North. This group did not, in fact, call themselves Cherokees; they were known as "Chalaque" or "Achalaque." A larger group of these Indians, however, chose a widely spread section in the beautiful Appalachians for their home. They scattered over por-

tions of Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Northern Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama, and parts of Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky. Their next known appearance was in 1656 in Virginia. In contrast with the Florida group, these Indians were warlike and cruel. Pillaging and destroying as they went, they ravaged the country as far east as the James River Falls. In all, the Cherokees occupied forty thousand square miles.

The early Cherokees did not call themselves by that name, but were "Yunwiya" or "Ani Yunwiya," meaning "real people" or "principal people." This is very much like the Iroquoian word, "Onwehonwe." The name "Cherokee," which means "upland fields," did not originate with the Indians now known by that name.

The Appalachian Indians were a very strong and warlike tribe, with keen, brilliant minds and thrifty habits.

Having been at war with the Catawbas, Sawanos, and Congarees, these Appalachian Cherokees went to Charleston in 1693 with presents to secure peace and protection. They had met some severe defeats and some of their tribesmen had been subjected to slavery. They were granted peace and protection by England, but it was impossible to regain those who had been enslaved. It is supposed that this peace was broken, for the English were accused of treating them cruelly and even killing them, also of being detrimental to their fur and skin trade.

In 1730, seven chiefs went with an Englishman, Sir Alexander Cummings, to pay tribute to George II. They reached Dover in June, and seventeen days later they were presented to the king. To the tribute of an opossum skin "crown," the Indians added four scalps and eagle tail feathers. This same Sir Alexander Cummings was later charged with defraudation of the settlers and with a scheme of sending three million Jews to the Cherokees' territory.

Approximately ten years later the Cherokees in the Appalachians were stricken with the dreaded plague, smallpox. The germ was transported on a slave-boat, and the contagion rapidly spread. During the epidemic at least one-half of the tribe was destroyed. The loss was so great because of the newness of the disease and the primitive methods used to prevent it, such as a dip in icy mountain streams. Many warriors, upon seeing the marks left by this disease, committed suicide by torturing methods.

In 1735 Wesleyan missionaries visited the Cherokees. Four years after this a Jesuit priest lived among them and tried to help them establish a more civilized government. Many years later missionaries were amazed at the likeness of their religion to ours. They worshipped one God and were taught to obey their parents. They had several stories almost identical with the flood story and others in the Old Testament. It has been suggested that these Indian stories might not have been old legends as the Indians claimed, but remnants of the teachings of the

Jesuit priest. Since, then, the Biblical stories were so familiar to them, they were not difficult to convert and were quite friendly. However, there were some who worshipped idols and nature.

At Hopewell, South Carolina, in 1785, the Cherokees made their first treaty with the new United States Government. This treaty established peace and specific boundaries. Thirty-seven chiefs, representing nearly that many villages, signed the treaty. Negotiations lasted ten days because North Carolina and Georgia had been granted territory which belonged to the Cherokees, and the Cherokees claimed that there were three thousand whites on their land. The problem was settled by distributions.

"Throughout the eighteenth century the Cherokees were engaged in chronic warfare with their Indian neighbors." The battles and wars are far too numerous to list here, but it seems that throughout their history the Cherokees were generally at war with white men or Indians. Wars with the whites were probably caused by their encroachment on Indian territory. Despite their hostile feelings toward the white man, the Cherokees fought with the colonists in the Revolution, and on both sides in the Civil War.

In 1820 the tribe organized a government similar to that of the United States. About this time many who were embittered by the steady advance of the whites moved to Arkansas. Then in 1835 a very drastic treaty promised to send all of them to Indian Territory. Three years later, shockingly cruel methods were used by civilized white men to force the Cherokees out of their own homes. An armed body compelled them to leave, and hardly allowed them time to unite in families. Even women and children were forced to walk, and in most cases their belongings were left behind. However, several hundred fled to the higher mountains and lived there until 1842. In that year, by the efforts of William H. Thomas, a trader, lands were set aside for the Cherokees in the western part of North Carolina. "They constitute the present Eastern Band of Cherokees, residing chiefly on the Qualla Reservation in Swain and Jackson counties, with several outlying settlements."

There were some who were opposed to moving, but many were satisfied. They had hardly adjusted this problem when the Civil War broke out. They were again divided; some fought with the United States and some with the Confederacy. In the end their land was overrun by both factions. After the war they were again given protection by the Federal Government, but were forced to free their slaves.

The Cherokee Commission was formed in 1892; this permitted whites to settle in their territory, and did away with tribal government. But it was not until 1906 that the Cherokees became American citizens.

Today the Cherokees have many community contests, which cause a healthy rivalry among the various clans. These Indians particularly enjoy picnics, and their ball games and Green Corn Dance in the fall

excite much interest. Like any modern city, they have dance-halls and motion picture theatres.

A great majority of the Cherokees are farmers. They raise sheep, cattle, horses, swine, and poultry. In the community there is a Farmers' Society which holds a fair each year. They compete with one another in a friendly manner for the best fruit, vegetables, and cattle. A few are employed with pottery and basket making, and children are taught to weave rugs.

Many interesting legends of the Cherokees have been preserved. "How the Terrapin Beat the Rabbit" is familiar to us, but their story is not the same as ours. In their version the terrapin and the rabbit raced over four mountains. The terrapin was allowed to be one mountain crest ahead of the rabbit; so he started before the rabbit arrived. At the crest of each mountain the rabbit saw the terrapin ahead—it was in reality a friend of the terrapin, and at the last mountain was the original terrapin, who had not run at all. "Uttunta, the Spear Finger," is an interesting myth of a stone woman who had a finger with which she speared many people. However, by a sign, the chickadee showed the Indians how to kill her by shooting her in the joint of her finger. There is also the beautiful story of the lovers Occoneechee and Whippoorwill; this includes some charming descriptions of nature.

Besides the animal stories, there were the sacred myths, the local stories, and the historical traditions. The sacred myths were told chiefly to priests and "myth-keepers," but other Indians wishing to hear them might do so if they observed a certain ceremony. They would spend the night in a low log house repeating the myths. At daybreak they were taken to a stream, where their clothes were pulled off and their nude bodies were scratched by a "bone tooth comb." Then, after wading into the water, they faced the sun and dipped seven times while the priests prayed. Such was the ritual for those who were curious enough to learn the sacred stories.

Today one may visit the Cherokees either in distant Oklahoma, or in Western North Carolina on the Qualla Reservation named for the mother of the beautiful Occoneechee of legendary fame.

Elizabeth Crosby, '37.

THE LEGEND OF OCCONEECHEE

[Based on Mr. Robert F. Jarrett's poem, "Occoneechee, the Maid of the Mystic Lake," from which all quotations are taken.]

The legend of Occoneechee, told for many years around Cherokee council fires, has come to be today one of the best-loved of Indian legends. It is the tale of a Cherokee maiden who lived in the tepee of old Chieftain Junaluska, her father, high on the slopes of a mountain in Western North Carolina.

There in the tepee,

"Far above the habitation
Of the white man, and the plain,"

Occoneechee played and laughed away her childhood under the watchful eye of her stern, though loving, father. The maiden's mother, Qualla, had died when Occoneechee was a very young child. Junaluska still sorrowed for her, even though his whole life was woven into that of the beautiful young girl who was Qualla's daughter.

Then

". . . one day there came a red man
Wandering up the mountain-side."

It was Whippoorwill, a young chieftain of the valley; he saw Occoneechee bathing her feet in a little stream, and fell in love with her. He approached her, tall and straight as the saplings beside the brook, and she looked up at him, shy as the doe that stops her feeding at the sound of a snapping twig. Straightway they knew, as the wild creatures of the forest know, that they had been fashioned by the Great Spirit each for the other, and their love was as simply acknowledged. Whippoorwill visited the old chief and his daughter at the wigwam for several days, and every hour was filled with happiness. When the time for his departure came, their leave-taking was very sad, for he loved the maiden deeply; but Whippoorwill promised to return soon and take her away as his bride. She stood beside a tall tree and watched him as he ran quickly down the path, her heart as heavy as his feet were light. A few days later it became even heavier when old Junaluska left Occoneechee and made the journey to the Spirit World to rejoin his beloved Qualla.

It was at this time, in the year 1838, that the forced Indian migration to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) took place—the worst calamity and most shameful injustice ever occurring in the history of the Cherokees.

"General Jackson's men in blue coats
Came and took away the braves,
Took away the squaw and papoose,
Buried many in their graves."

It is impossible to describe the hideousness of the march across the country, Indians bound helplessly, dying by tens and twenties; the heavy despair in their hearts at being torn from their homes in the beautiful mountain country. Occoneechee's lover was taken with the rest:

"Whippoorwill, the wandering warrior,
Shorn of power and of pride,
Marched in single file and lonely,
With his hands behind him tied."

Occoneechee was left behind, not knowing the fate of her lover, knowing only that he had not returned and that she must seek for him. So she journeyed down the vale of the Oconaluftee River, down the Tennessee, to the picturesque stream of the Nantahala. All the forest and waters of the forest she searched: the Conasauga, the Okoee, the Oostanula, the Hiawassee; down the Sequatchie Valley, where she met Stagu-Nahi, or John Ax. This brave she had known as a friend of her father's; he had managed to avoid the soldiers, and now he went with her to find Whippoorwill.

If one has seen the wonder of the Carolina mountains he can more easily understand the grief of these Indians at leaving their homes, and he can picture the glory through which Occoneechee traveled in her search for her lover. The grandeur of the ranges, the swirling cascades of the rocky rivers, and the deep silence of the long arches of the forest lift one's soul on the pinions of the eagle and carry it to untold heights.

Together, Occoneechee and Stagu-Nahi began a systematic search of the mountains. Mounted on swift ponies they hunted over the timbered slopes of Pisgah, Whiteside, Ellijay, Nantahala, Cowee, Wayah, and all the obscure knobs and spurs of the Smokies.

Finally the search seemed hopeless, and the warrior Stagu-Nahi offered to go to Oklahoma to see if Whippoorwill had been among the emigrants. Sending Occoneechee back to her tepee on the mountain, he set out on his perilous journey. Swiftly he made his way across the state of Tennessee, across the great Father of Waters, into the Reservation of Oklahoma. There he spent the night with the chieftains, and on the morning after related his story.

"And he spoke of Occoneechee
In the land of hills and streams,
In the land of wooded forests,
Land of love and fondest dreams;
Land where myths and mirth commingle,
Where aspiring peaks point high,
To the dials of the morning
In the sweet 'Land of the Sky.'

"Spoke he also of a chieftain,
Known to her as Whippoorwill,
Who once dwelt within the forest,
Near a pleasant little rill,
In the dark fens of the mountains
Back where oak and birchen grove
Cast their shadows o'er the valley,
O'er the cliffs and deepest cove."

The chiefs heard the piteous tale of the grief-stricken maiden, but it was only after Stagu-Nahi had used all his powers of persuasion that Whippoorwill was given permission to go. Then the rejoicing braves started back to the Carolina mountains; across the Mississippi, through forests and over plains, up hills and through valleys, spurring their ponies to their utmost. At last they saw the Smokies, beloved mountains of the Cherokee, looming gray-blue in the distance.

But just as they reached the foothills and started ascending the gradual slope, Stagu-Nahi heard the spirit-voices calling him.

"Voices like the rolling thunder
Came resounding far and near,
And the meteoric flashes
Filled them full of awe and fear;
Till they trembled like the aspen
'Mid the tempest fierce and wild,
Till it passes, then reposes,
Calmly as a little child."

Stagu-Nahi left Whippoorwill and went home to the Land of the Immortals, and the young warrior continued his journey alone.

Presently he neared the mountain where was located the tepee of his beloved. He gave the whistle of a hawk, and listened closely for an answer. Then from far away through the waiting trees came a response, borne to him on the wings of the breeze. He ran swiftly on, stopped and gave the call again; again it was answered, this time louder.

"Suddenly his heart beat faster,
At the sight which came to view,
Through the opening in the laurel
As it parts to let him thru.
She was bathing feet and ankles,
Arms and hands she did refresh
In the iridescent splendor,
Of the fountain cool and fresh.

"Then he bounds forth quick to greet her,
E'er she sees him by her side,
She the maiden true and holy,
Who was soon to be his bride.
'O, I see you, Occoneechee!'
'And I see you, Whippoorwill!'
Were the greetings that they whispered
As they met there near the rill."

The lovers were married the next morning, and they lived blissfully for many years high upon the mountain-side. Even after they died, their spirits remained in the paradise of their life-time, and today one can hear them calling to each other in the evening.

"And the soul of Occoneechee
Lingers near the rippling rill,
High upon the Smoky Mountains
With her lover, Whippoorwill."

Nancy Jones, '37.

PEACE!

Bang! Bang! The gong jars me awake, and my dreams go flying. Opening one eye, I look at my watch to be sure that I have heard the right bell; then turn over to doze for another twenty minutes.

When I finally pull myself out of bed, I drag on the clothes that I find lying around in chairs and on the floor, and languidly saunter out to wash my face. I am just hanging up my towel when the breakfast gong sounds—another ear-splitting Bang! Bang! Bang!—and I go downstairs rubbing my eyes.

By the time breakfast and Morning Watch are over, I am a little wider awake, and manage to break into a trot on my way up to fourth floor. After yanking the covers over my bed just to say that I have made it, I start gathering up my books, only to notice that the blanket has overbalanced itself and is dragging on the floor. Another dash to the side of the bed to shove the blanket underneath the edge of the mattress; a buzz in the hall, reminding me that it's time for classes and I haven't brushed my teeth; a grab for my brush and a run for the lavatory—the day is well begun. I flee for a bit of relaxation to my first period.

At the end of the period (I have been awake for fully fifteen minutes with my books stacked, wishing the bell would ring so that I could go to the post office), I push through the mob to view my empty and dust-covered box. After this I struggle back to class, and the remainder of the morning goes off fairly "peacefully" except for a dash back up to fourth floor for the history book I forgot to bring down.

At 12:20 comes Chapel, never quite complete without my arrival at just that point of lateness that makes the muscles of everyone's neck ache to turn around and identify the stairs-squeaker. At the close of the service I dash toward the living room to dance. But woe is me! I see a black angel of justice towering in my path, and Pearl gives me a note from the Dean: "Please see me today after Chapel. M. M. L."

So I spend my few free minutes before her door and am, as usual, late to lunch.

But cheer up! After lunch comes my only free period, to which I have been looking forward all the morning. I go to my room, remember that my books are downstairs, descend after them, stop on my way back to talk to my next-door neighbor, and get into my room as the half-hour bell rings. By the time I have read the morning paper it is time to go to the Biology laboratory, where I spend the remainder of the afternoon peering into a microscope trying to differentiate dust and amoebas.

Even at that, life would be almost bearable if it weren't for that hour's exercise. I manage to spend fifteen minutes deciding what to do, and then after spending a scant forty throwing basketball goals, I go upstairs with my conscience clear, to grab a shower and dress for dinner.

Pie-night! I remember as I go down the stairs, and I forget my troubles for an hour in the dining-room and then upstairs, dancing. But they begin again in the semi-privacy of my dormitory room, and I spend the evening study hours struggling with English and History. At least I think I struggle, but I manage to use one hour writing letters, and then feebly scan the pages of my books, twist my hair, and think about everything in the world except Napoleon and the present participle.

At last, after collecting a "minus" for being out after room bell, I fall into bed—and it is with much relief. After my strenuous day, I am grateful for a few bell-less hours. The person who named this place "Peace" said a mouthful!

JANICE COBB, '38.

THE THING I LOVE MOST ABOUT PEACE

Deep down in my heart the thing I love most about Peace is the chapel service. After the noise of class rooms and halls, how restful it is to refresh our souls in meditation with God. Especially helpful to me are the short, sincere prayers of our president. They have made me realize that I do not have to go in search of "the throne of Grace," but if I look about me I may find it where I am. We should be thankful we have such truly reverent services in our school; we should help to keep them so.

LOUISE BASHFORD, '37.

LITERARY SUB-DEBS

BILL AIRS HIS VIEWS

"Hi, Bill, just thought I'd drop in a minute—do you mind?"

"Glad to have you," said Bill. "What's on your mind? You look worried."

"Girls, as usual," Jim responded as he sat down on the bed. "They all act like 'crazies.' Bill, what is your idea of an ideal girl?"

"Personality comes first," Bill answered without hesitation. "Yes, above all I put personality, the ability to have a good time anywhere, enjoy clean fun, and not dig a boy for all his money."

"You seem to have a way with girls, Bill. What in the world do you do for them?"

"Nothing," Bill said with a little laugh. "I just tell girls what I like and what I don't like and let them act accordingly. I never take a girl out twice unless she proves to me that she is what I expect from every girl. If she's the nice kind she will do what a decent chap approves of, and not try to be cute by doing the opposite."

"Bill," said Jim, stretching out on the bed, "go into detail and describe a perfect girl from your point of view."

"All right, Jim, if that's what you want—here goes. The first thing is make-up. Some girls look like stage freaks, while others look like dough boards. I think girls need make-up, but not a lot of it. Finger-nail polish is all right, too, but dark polish is *out* except at dances. Let a girl smoke if she wants to, that's up to her, but too much smoking is disgusting. Drinking is absolutely absurd. I don't think any girl will take a drink except the girl that lacks the personality to have a good time without the influence of alcohol. That's why I say personality is tops! If a girl ever suggests staying home once in a while you can count on her as being a fine girl. You may be sure that she is proud of her home and family when she wants you to know what kind of environment she is from. Another thing—don't kiss a girl every time you get the chance. Some girls let you kiss them just to talk about it, and speaking of talking, there's nothing I hate worse than a girl that doesn't know when to keep her mouth shut. It's O. K. for a girl to mention the fact that she dated So-and-so at a certain time, but why must she go into details and tell everything they did and said? A boy doesn't appreciate this in a girl, and they can be sure it will get back to us. Some girls seem to think, when they break a date with other boys for a better chance, the boy they end up dating will appreciate it; *but* that's where they are wrong. Here's the way I look at it: If they will do it to him, they would do it to me—so that's when I'm through with them."

"But Bill," Jim interrupted, "do you think there *are* any ideal girls?"

"Bet your life there are," Bill continued; "but not hanging around these fraternity houses or sitting in drug stores all day and night. They are dating, sure, but they don't show off. Just wait, some day you'll meet a girl like this and then—watch out for your heart, because it's this kind of girl that marries and makes a real home for a boy.

"Golly, there goes the bell. I didn't know we had been talking so long."

"Thanks, Bill, loads, and from now on I'm going to keep my eyes open," said Jim, running down the hall whistling, "When My Dream Boat Comes Home!"

MARY JANE SYKES (11th Grade).

REFLECTIONS OF MYSELF

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

I have a mirror, and like most girls, I use it often. What I see reflected there and what other people see in me, are subjects that puzzle me.

Mother sees me as her pal; we work and play together, though she is often provoked when I am irresponsible and heedless. She understands that I am easily persuaded in some things, and am very stubborn in others; still she feels that I know what is right and what is wrong in most situations, and that I will act accordingly.

I should like to know what my father sees when he looks at me. I know I appear shiftless to him when I am slumped on the back of my neck in some comfortable chair with a book, and I am often in such a position. Still, Dad and I have many things in common. We fish and hunt together; he has taught me to drive a car. I think he believes that I can look life in the face and not cower, as well as I can face an onrushing automobile without losing self-control. He knows I always try to be a good sport, and he thinks I am capable of taking care of myself in an emergency. Dad has carefully taught me to take hard knocks and get up to try again.

To my sister, I am two people. The first "me" is the one who helps her with lessons, draws maps, makes doll clothes, and plays with her. She knows she can bring her troubles to me and I will help her as well as I can. That is the "me" who gets up in the clammy cold of a winter night to see that she is warm enough. However, there is another side to my personality which she could readily dispense with. Sometimes I like to tease her. Again I am a nuisance to her when I want to borrow her belongings. Yet, though she thinks I am sometimes too careless and forgetful, she also thinks I am generally a "right nice person to have around."

I should like to be able to see myself as others see me, but I cannot get off and look at myself from a distance. Perhaps my mirror will help; shall I look in it again?

Katherine Rainey (11th Grade).

POISE

You say
You like me:
Because my head is held so high
(To keep the tears deep in my eyes);
Because I sit so calm and quiet
(If I should speak my words would riot).

I loved you once.

Mary Jane Sykes (11th Grade).

INQUIRY

Can a heaven burn in a soul with a small tinge of hell?
Can a love, love and hate all in one impassioned moment?
Can love, hate, warmth, cold, despair, and rapture be found together?
If not, what is this that I feel?

Mary Jane Sykes (11th Grade).

RAIN ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

Late one midsummer afternoon we sat on the gate of the fence which surrounds our summer cottage in the mountains of Virginia, and looked out over one part of the apple orchard. The orchard was spread out row by row on the slope of the mountain. The sky had begun to darken. Threatening clouds hung low over the mountain. The air was dense and still. We noticed that not a leaf rustled.

Then the rain began. We watched it as the wind, which had come with the rain, swept it in great, wavering sheets over the orchard. On it swept, covering the orchard like a great gray blanket, and shutting it from our sight. We sat silenced as row after row disappeared under that wild covering.

Now it had come to the creek that rushed madly down the mountain side. The trees around us had already begun to sway frantically. It seemed as if some of the rain sweepers had danced ahead to urge the others on.

Deserting our post, we ran towards the cottage, lashed by the wind and chased by the rain.

SUZANNE HUDSON (10th Grade).

RAINBOW IN THE MOONLIGHT

Perhaps at least one person will believe me. I was on top of a tiny hillock, getting the evening air, when it happened. I saw a rainbow in the moonlight! The clouds were black and frightening, like an ancient charcoal drawing which has become smeared and ugly from careless usage. Suddenly, to the west, the clouds parted, and in their place was a rainbow. Not a rainbow as we generally see one, but a gentle, fragile promise of God, that was beautiful and far away, yet had somehow a frightening aspect. Its colors were quite indistinguishable, but I knew they were all there. They seemed to run together. It reminded me of the time I painted lines of all my water-colors, and then poured on water and watched the colors run down the paper. But the rainbow seemed even more unreal than my memory picture.

"It is far too lovely and strange," I told myself. And so I stood and watched. As I watched, the tall grass in which I was standing rustled slightly. I turned quickly, and when I again lifted my head skyward, a cloud was drifting slowly before the moon. The rainbow was gone. Yet I stood there, full of thoughts of the majesty of our Lord.

VIRGINIA LEWIS (10th Grade).

WHY DO I LOVE HABANA?

Why do you love flowers, sunshine, and happiness? Because it is in you, it is an instinct; you don't make yourself love these things. It is the same way with me and my Habana. Oh, but she is a city, you may tell me. Yes, she is a city, but a glorious one! In Cuba, gorgeous island of the ardent sun, where the breeze wakes you up with a smooth and silent kiss, there is Habana. Sometimes I think that God has donated to her ineffable gifts, that make my heart pine for her. Don't think that I feel this way just because she is my city; it is because she is the pearl of the Antilles, the beautiful gem of the Caribbean.

At siesta time, the palms that are in the forest sway gently under the sapphire sky. Adorable Habana, of all the flowers you are the queen. Sweet is the sugar cane, but sweeter is your voice. Shining Habana, I can hardly distinguish between you and the rays of the sun. If there is another heaven, that is you, my Habana! Who would not love you? Even the sound of your name makes the stars shine brighter and hearts beat faster. Why are you that way, Habana? Who made you that way? Who could it be? Nobody but God!

MARIA TERESA DE LA CRUZ (11th Grade).

THE CURIO SHOP

As I was strolling down the street
  I saw the quaintest shop;
I really didn't mean to stay,
  Or even yet to stop.
But looking in, my gaze was held
  By the pretty picture there;
A little old lady, in black and white,
  Sat rocking in her chair.

As I crossed the low, small doorstep,
  I was greeted by her smile.
How long I stayed I do not know;
  It seemed the shortest while!
Her husband—a seaman long ago—
  Had brought the treasures there.
(Some of them were not for sale.)
  They came from everywhere.

Jade idols, ivory mandarins,
  Teakwood tables and chair,
Carved flutes from far-away India—
  All placed with the best of care.
I finally managed to leave the shop,
  But I'm going back again,
To see the dear old lady
  Who lives in Memory's Lane.

Frances Moore (10th Grade).

EPPIE SKIPS SCHOOL

Every morning Eppie started to school, bidding her father, Silas, a warm goodbye. Silas dreaded the two long hours she was away; to him they seemed like an eternity. To be sure, more work could be accomlished, but what was work when you had a child like Eppie?

The school Eppie attended was taught by a middle-aged woman. There she struggled with her A, B, C's, and learned to read. The school was not very large, looking more like a small cottage. The number of girls attending the school was small, but all of them were Eppie's age, and the two hours there were always full of happy moments for her. She was a born leader, taking part in all the activities the small school afforded. Eppie was gay and light-hearted, and always found time to be naughty. One instance of it was this!

It happened during a day in the spring. Eppie started out to school early, so she could enjoy the beauty of the morning to the utmost. The birds were singing and the air was sweet and warm. As Eppie walked

along she was conscious of hearing a brook rippling along its course. Being one who had great imagination she pictured the stream with cool waters, and sweet ferns growing around it. Suddenly the idea of school was like taking bad medicine. The old school was hot, she told herself, and even if cold water was passed around to quench your thirst, it didn't help your hot feet any. The idea became so strong and the cool stream so inviting that Eppie threw all cares to the wind and wended her way to the calling brook. Once there the idea was ideal. Soon her stockings and shoes were off, her dress rolled up, and her feet were in the water. This was so divine, thought Eppie, but while she was thinking these heavenly thoughts, along came a crawfish, which spying a nice pink and white toe lost no time in catching hold of it. With one big yell, Eppie jerked her foot out of the brook's cool bed and started towards her house yelling as she ran, "Father, help me, come quickly!"

"Coming, child, coming," said Silas, hobbling along as fast as he could, wondering all the while what had happened to this precious child of his.

"Oh, Father, help me!" she cried, holding up her toe for him to see.

"Mercy, child," Silas exclaimed, "is that the kind of lesson they teach at that school?"

"Oh, no," cried Eppie, and she explained just what had happened. With much pulling and crying, Silas got the crawfish off. The school hours were not yet over, so Eppie, with her bound-up toe, started to school for the second time that day. When she came in sight of the small cottage, she noticed a crowd of the girls coming towards her. As they drew nearer one of the girls said to Eppie, "Hello, Eppie, you're just in time! Since it is so hot today, Mrs. Roddey is letting us go down to the brook and go in wading. Isn't that just grand?" Eppie, without even replying, turned and went back home. Now the brook held no pleasure for her as it had just a few hours before.

PAULINE ABERNETHY (9th Grade).

EPPIE COOKS HER FIRST MEAL

Eppie was no longer a little girl, but a bonnie lass of twelve. She had not changed much during the years she had lived with Silas, except, of course, she had grown quite a bit. She had the same big, blue eyes and the same golden hair, and her cheeks had not lost any of their color.

Eppie hastened home from school through the snow, raised the catch of the door and went into the small living room. She put her books on the small table, took off her cape and stocking cap and hung them on the back of the pantry door; she took her blue gingham apron from a peg; she put more wood on the fire dogs in the huge fireplace. She had decided to prepare, as a surprise to Silas, the evening meal. She moved the crane, which held the pot containing water, directly over the fire as

she was going to make mush for supper. When the water came to boil she stirred in coarse corn meal with a long wooden paddle; then she moved the crane back from the fire to simmer. She set the table with linen, plates, and pewter spoons. Eppie then went to the pantry for some cottage cheese, rye bread, and a jar of honey which she put on the table. She threw an old shawl about her and scurried out to the spring house for a pitcher of sweet milk. On returning to the house she heard the door open into the living-room, and framed in the doorway was Silas, covered with snow and tired from his long trip to the village to deliver his weaving. As he felt the warmth of the fire and saw the inviting meal, a cheery smile spread over his face. He looked at Eppie in wonderment; she looked up and saw him for the first time.

"Oh, Father," she said, "I prepared supper for the first time tonight. Aren't you proud?"

Sidney Anne Wilson (9th Grade).

STARTING APRIL THE FIRST

I resolve to cease trying to be that which I am not—beautiful. The program is as follows: On April the first, I shall inaugurate the era of Natural Charm instead of Artificial Beauty. First, I shall discard all of my hairpins; they are the pillows of torture on which I sleep each night and from which I derive a headache each morning. My lips and cheeks shall retain their natural tint. And as far as my eyebrows are concerned, they may become a whole field of wheat before I harvest one single blade again. I shall let nature take its course.

Betsy Ann Wells (10th Grade).

TILDA JANE AN' SALLY MAY

Tilda Jane an' Sally May
Came prancin' into town one day,
All dressed up fit to kill,
Showin' every flounce an' frill.

Tilda Jane in a red georgette
(With here an' there a black aigrette)
Swirlin' about her slender ankle,
Made in every man's heart a rankle.

Sally May, demure young girl,
Made every "nigger's" headpiece swirl;
Her eyes sparkled like blackberry wine
An' on the fellows did love to shine.

Now out of the boys gathered around
From up an' down an' round the town,
Roosevelt Jefferson an' Rufus Paul
Were the best-lookin' of them all.

Roosevelt Jefferson an' Tilda Jane
Got along as fine as rain,
An' Sally May an' Rufus Paul
Had no cause to stall at all.

Up an' down the street they walked,
Laughed an' joked an' sang an' talked.
By nightfall they were in a carriage
Headed parsonward for marriage.

MARION GREY MITCHELL (11th Grade).

GEARY STREET AT NIGHT

The night was damp and oppressive. A heavy mist made the familiar everyday things seem strange and terrible.

The denseness of the fog made the various lights of Geary Street take on a greenish, eerie look. The street lamps looked like moons which kept growing smaller and smaller in the distance until they became mere specks in the black emptiness of space. Two lights from a lonely automobile, which I could see crawling toward me from the distance, gleamed like the eyes of some big, black cat ready to pounce on its enemy. Once a man passed. His shadow on the wet pavement, as he slipped by, was long, thin, and sinister. Then an old blind woman passed by with her stick. Her tapping on the cement added to my uneasiness. Chills played up and down my spine when a police car sped by sounding its siren.

Shadows cast by the lights from an old theatre across the way made me fear that something, all of a sudden, would snatch me by the collar and throw me into one of those bleak rooms in the building just behind. I had been told that it was once a popular night club of the gay nineties. Even that couldn't enliven my spirits, for it was anything but popular or gay at that time.

Suddenly, all the lights were extinguished and the street corner was left in utter darkness. I was obsessed with a feeling of impending disaster. Would the dawn find me safe in my own cozy home or lying stiff and cold in some morgue?

BETTY LOU FLETCHER (10th Grade).

PEACE READERS' DIGEST

THE IDEAL MAN

(Condensed from the January *State Magazine* by A. M. J.)

The University of North Carolina co-eds give us their list of the qualifications of an ideal man. He must be sincere, well-mannered, considerate, and intelligent, and must possess a sense of humor. As an afterthought, one of the co-eds states that money is not important, but she says: "You can't love a man when you're hungry."

TENNIS TIPS

(Condensed from January *Vogue* by Elizabeth Crosby)

Comfort and classic beauty are the aims of all vogue-minded tennis players of 1937. The classic touch is supplied by white or off-white shorts which are the Bermuda length or warm length this year (only three or four inches above the knee). Shirts must have action backs and comfortable sleeves, and shirt-tails must by all means be long enough to remain anchored beneath the wide belt of your shorts. When you have all of this, and shoes laced to the toe, you are ready for that smashing serve.

SPRING FASHION TIPS

(Condensed from February *Vogue* by Keene Wade)

Spring fashion predicts strongly the coat silhouette with decisive revers, a high waist, and a hearty flare.

Light-colored jersey dresses under your fur coat are smart. Do not hesitate to wear short sleeves—the shorter the better.

Spain casts its shadow on the fashion world with its snappy bolero jackets. Why not go slightly Spanish by flipping a bolero over your jersey dress?

At the first sign of spring, shed your old gloves for beige ones. Remember, buying new sport gloves, that natural-colored Bucko is smart.

It has also been decreed that foreheads shall be seen this spring, as the off-the-face type of hat with a low crown is very popular.

WHY THE WORLD GROWS SMALLER

(Condensed from February *Scribner's* by A. M. J.)

The use of Diesel tractors in road building, construction, and on farms has increased more than 400% during the depression period.

The American Airline has introduced the new Douglas club-and-sleeper planes which carried the largest share of the 1,500,000 air passengers in 1936.

The Hindenburg zeppelin began regular transatlantic service in 1936.

The Manhattan spans the Atlantic in six days.

The new Pan-American China Clippers fly from San Francisco to Manila within five days.

You can lift your receiver and talk with 93% of the world's telephones.

MODEL RIVERS SHOW WAY TO FLOOD CONTROL

(Condensed from February *Popular Science Monthly* by Lula Davis)

The Hydraulic Research Laboratory of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is one of the strangest laboratories in the world. Here engineers play with toys to study the actions of rivers and dams. They have two giant models of the Ohio River near Neville Island. The largest one is eighty-eight feet long and includes Emsworth Dam. The water is supplied by electric pumps having valves so that the flow is controlled to duplicate every natural condition. It is used to study methods of better control of the waters near Pittsburgh.

In experimenting with currents around the dam, the engineers drop confetti in the water and photograph it. The velocity of the paper was shown by streaks on the film. In this way, they found where the bad whirlpools were, made many tests, and corrected this condition.

In March, 1936, the flood caused much damage to the river bank near Emsworth Dam. Before the engineers made repairs, they experimented on the giant model and found the best way to remedy the damage.

One of the most beautiful models in the laboratory is of transparent plastic substance, and shows a part of the Bluestone Dam, one of the conduits, and the control gates. It was made to study the action of the water in the conduit. It is a scale model of a tunnel through which water rushes with a velocity of eighty-three feet a second.

In another building of the Carnegie Institute group is a set-up that can be found nowhere else in the world. By using an unusual machine, hydraulic experts are learning what causes the failures of outlet conduits of so many dams, and how these failures can be prevented.

The laboratory works with various power companies that own dams as well as with the Government. For example, it has made a portable model of a dam on the Colorado River of Texas, for use in a suit before the United States Supreme Court.

C-U-R-R-E-N-T-S

CALENDAR

November 24, 1936.....Emmanuel Feuermann Concert
December 2-5 .....Examinations
December 11.....Alumnae Tea and Miss Pugh's Art Exhibit
December 13.....Annual Christmas Pageant
December 18.....Annual Carol Service
December 18.....Beginning of Christmas Holidays
January 4, 1937.....End of Christmas Holidays
January 7.....Inauguration of Governor Hoey
January 15.....Luboshutz and Nemenoff Concert
January 15.....Girls of East Building Entertained by Miss McLelland
January 16.....Annual Stunt Night (Seniors won cup)
January 18.....Albert Spaulding Concert
January 20.....Moving Picture: "Found in a Library" (shown in Dinwiddie Chapel, by kindness of Mrs. Cavenaugh)
January 25.....Initiation of new members into Papyrus Club
January 26.....Methodist Sunday School Party
January 29.....State College vs. Temple University Debate, followed by buffet supper for debaters and Peace Student Council
January 30.....Ping-Pong Tournament, won by Sue Gant
January 31.....Miss Howell's After-Dinner Coffee for Seniors, in honor of Miss Waldrop
February 9.....Lecture by Mrs. Charlotte Hilton Green (sponsored by Papyrus Club)
February 17.....Forum, conducted by Dr. W. Roy Hashinger: "New Frontiers in Citizenship"
February 20....."Quick Tricks," a program of brief sketches, presented by Dramatic Club

STUNT NIGHT

After a week of feverish preparations and numerous secret rehearsals, Stunt Night, January 16, finally arrived, and along with it arrived a number of State College "suitors." Fortunately, everything went off without a hitch.

The Junior Stunt, coached by Miss Proctor, depicted through a radio program the arrival of the Ugly Duckling (Rachel Carraway) at Peace, and her transformation into the School Beauty. Jo Martin, resplendent in tails, was the announcer. Miss Lovie (Mary Jane Johnston), Mr.

Gargis (Billy Thomas), and Miss McLelland (Caroline Jerritt) appeared in all their glory.

The Prep. Stunt, under the direction of Miss Richards, looked into the future to the inauguration of the first woman president in 1977, the scene being the steps of the Capitol in Washington. Elizabeth Mordecai, as the announcer, introduced the different "Senatoresses," and several of them (Mary Holt Drewry, Betty Ferguson, Teresa de la Cruz, and Frances and Katherine Rainey) presented specialty dances. The climax was the arrival of the President (Mariam Boyd) and her husband (Betsy Ann Reid). The oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice (Marion Grey Mitchell). Each of the girls held the map of a state, and with these was formed a map of the United States. At the close of the stunt they formed an American flag.

The Seniors gave all the credit for the success of their stunt to their sponsor, Miss Waldrop. They presented a mock opera, "Glorious Gladiolus," or "Gee, How She Loved a G-Man." It was preceded by an overture by the "Toad Vine Sympathetic Orchestra," under the direction of I. M. Chastingisky (Eleanor Benson). Gladiolus, the songbird of the hills, was ably impersonated by Frances Reins, and her parents (Willena Smith as "Pa Crabtree" and Louise Bashford as "Ma Crabtree") were typical mountaineers. The "five twins" (Ma's unknown millions); Alf, the bashful lover (Reba McLamb); and the G-Man (Mary Gwyn Williams), who came to investigate the Martin and Coy feud, completed the cast. Of course there was a happy ending with the G-Man and Gladiolus falling in love, and the taking of the whole family to New York by the G-Man, so that the "twins" could be exhibited on the stage.

Needless to say, the judges had a hard task, but they finally awarded the cup to the Seniors, and gave honorable mention to the Preps. All agreed that this year's Stunt Night was one of the most successful ever staged at Peace.

EDITHA MORRIS, '38.

"QUICK TRICKS"

On Saturday evening, February 20, at 8:00 o'clock, a program of brief sketches was presented by the Dramatic Club in the Dinwiddie Memorial Chapel.

The first of the three sketches was James Reach's "Congratulations, My Dear," a charming skit, with Betty Brown taking the part of "adorable" Alice Adair, an actress, and Betsey Graham, that of the brilliant Joan Harrison. The scene is Alice Adair's dressing-room, where an amusing conversation takes place between Alice and Joan. After many flowery effusions from Joan about her enjoyment of her friend's wonderful acting, it is revealed that Joan had arrived just in time to miss the play entirely.

In the second sketch, "Make-Up, Please," which was adapted from George Savage's "Make-Up," Jo Martin took the part of Marge Thomas, a make-up artist with a scathing tongue; Mary Iris Ferrill was Anne Forsythe, the beautiful model; and Keene Wade was Hettie Mae Simms, the cash-girl who would be beautiful for a night. The action, which occurs in the main aisle of the Emporium Dry Goods Company, comes to a climax when Marge, in a fit of jealousy, so effectively decorates the features of Hettie Mae that the latter goes forth to a glamorous "date" completely unaware of her red-rimmed eyes and the blue on her chin.

In the last sketch, "The Villain Still Pursued Her," by James Reach, the audience was hugely entertained by Louise Bashford as the Widow Meggs; Margaretha Craig, as her daughter Mary; Mary Elizabeth Averill, as Squire Dawson, the Villain; and Barbara Bloxam as the diminutive but terrifying Hero. The comical contortions of the frenzied widow and her innocent young daughter sent the audience into gales of laughter, ending in a roar with the dashing entrance of the little Hero. It was "good melodrama."

The Dramatic Club, which was completely reorganized this year, is conducted by Miss Martha Boswell and Miss Helen Board. Miss Boswell has studied under Professor Koch of the University of North Carolina, and Miss Board is a graduate of the Conservatory of Cincinnati, where she did a great deal of dramatic work. The course, which includes work in Diction, Pantomime, and Make-Up, has warmly engaged the interest of all students enrolled in the Dramatic Class. The value of the course has been well demonstrated by the reception given to the performance of "Quick Tricks."

ET CETERA

At the invitation of the Papyrus Club, Mrs. Charlotte Hilton Green, distinguished naturalist and writer of Raleigh, addressed a group of Peace students February 9th in Dinwiddie Chapel, on the subject of "Hints to the Young Writer." Along with her "hints," she gave many delightful bits of reminiscence. The girls and the faculty members present greatly enjoyed her stimulating talk. Mrs. Green, Mrs. David Worth of the Peace English department, and several day-students were dinner-guests at the college. At Miss McLelland's table, with the speaker and Mrs. Worth, sat Dr. Pressly, Mrs. Cavenaugh, librarian of the college, and Misses Salls and Boswell, advisers of the Papyrus Club. Another table was reserved for the members of the staff of *Voices of Peace,* and for day-student guests, Jeannette Bagwell, editor-in-chief of the *Lotus,* and Katherine Willis, former business manager of *Voices.*

Dr. W. C. Pressly acted as Dean of the Leadership Training School held in the First Presbyterian Church of Raleigh from February 14 to 18.

Mrs. John L. Fairly of Richmond, who conducted one of the Leadership Training Classes at the First Presbyterian Church the third week in February, was the guest of Peace during her stay in Raleigh.

ALUMNAE ITEMS

Virginia Adams ('35) of Oxford is taking a course in radium and the X-ray at the Philadelphia General Hospital.

Jessamine Coates ('36) of Raleigh, who recently passed Civil Service Examinations, is working in the Social Security Division in Washington, D. C. She was notified to report for duty as a result of the grade she made on the stenographic test.

Marjorie Gerber ('36) of Henderson is working in New York for the Boy Scouts of America. Since she was employed in December she has had two promotions. She began doing clerical work and has since done stenographic work, and now dictates letters herself.

Marjorie Clark ('36) of Clarkton, N. C., is doing stenographic work in the offices of the Works Progress Administration in Raleigh.

THE PEPPERPOT

PICKED HERE AND THERE

Now there was a girl who wrote a theme on Shelley. Part of it is worth preserving: "When Shelley told about the sea rushing up, he would go to the sea and it would seem like he just drank it in and then put it down."

"Hawthorne graduated from Bowdoin College in the same class with Shakespeare." I wonder in what Hamlet was the House of Seven Gables!

Found: In History Class, a few extra sq. miles of Washington, D. C. If lost by neighboring territory, call M. H. W., Peace.

I found it amusing and pass it on: "There was an old countryman who said the only thing he wanted his boy to study in high school was 'that triggernometry; for Sammy never could shoot straight.' "

GOOSE FEATHERS

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
Jean Pate looked at the clock.
The clock struck one—
Jean went back to sleep.

Little Miss Reins,
How do your gardenias grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And State boys stamping all over 'em?

Little Susan Cooper,
Where do you wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
Into the study hall.

Mary Helen sat in her room
Longing for something to do;
The telephone rang—
Wrong number!

A young Papyrian
Went to sea
In a beautiful, long steamship;
She took some paper and plenty of pencils—
Then she took to her berth.

ONE-MINUTE INTERVIEWS

With MARGARET CANDLER

Question: What is your recipe for a school-girl complexion?
Answer: Plenty of powder and paint.
Question: What is your favorite perfume?
Answer: "Irresistible."
Question: What is your favorite pastime? Why?
Answer: Eating, because it worries Mary Council Horne.

With JEANNETTE BAGWELL

Question: What is your favorite food?
Answer: Strawberry ice cream.
Question: What do you think about being late for a date?
Answer: I think it's impressive, but usually in the wrong way.
Question: Who do you think has the best basketball team in the "Big Five"? Why?
Answer: I think State College has the best basketball team, and the reason is that I've seen them play twice and I haven't seen any others except Wake Forest.

With MARY GWYN WILLIAMS

Question: What is your pet dislike?
Answer: Moving beds in the adjoining room at 11 o'clock at night.
Question: What is your chief ambition?
Answer: To be a day-student.
Question: What is the description of your ideal man?
Answer: First of all, I like them tall. He must have blue, gray, green, or brown eyes, but I prefer brown. He must be a redhead, a decided blonde, or a brunette, and have a smile that "gets you." I hope he has his pockets full of money rather than holes, and knows what to do with it. And last of all, he must talk and dance with ease.

With FRANCES CROMARTIE

Question: What is your favorite orchestra? Why?
Answer: Hal Kemp's. Because he is from the good old North State and studied at the University of North Carolina.
Question: What do you think of the Martin and Coy feud?
Answer: I think undertakers must prosper in the land of the Martins and the Coys.
Question: What is the secret of successful student government?
Answer: The development of group as well as individual responsibility, with perfect coöperation as a goal.

With Deedie Thurman

Question: What do you think are the distinctive qualities of the up-to-date girl?

Answer: Well, I think two eyes, two feet, and a voice are all that's necessary, and haven't we all got those?

Question: Which do you like the best, town dances or college dances, and why?

Answer: Since there is a college dance next week-end, I hope I'll get to—I'd better say those are much better. (Maybe this will do some good.)

Question: What do you think of red-headed boys?

Answer: "The more the merrier."

Question: What is your favorite "spot" after dances?

Answer: I get mighty hungry at a dance, don't you? How about Boon-Iseley's?

With Eleanor Benson

Question: What is the secret of your charm?

Answer: The secret of my charm lies in ice-cream sodas. They make me feel jolly and happy most of the time.

Question: Why do you like Boon-Iseley's?

Answer: Boon-Iseley's is the hang-out place of all the colleges; therefore Peace can't be left behind. I like it because fun and the opposite sex usually are inside. It's just a place to go out of school and feel at ease.

Question: Do you think it best to let a boy know you like him, or *vice versa?*

Answer: *Vice versa.* Be indifferent, because indifference keeps him in suspense. All boys want to go with the girl that they think they can't go with.

SO THIS IS SHAKESPEARE!

Under the bay trees in the moonlight the lovers sat, their figures melted into one, lost in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* For a long time neither moved; then the breeze carried a faint murmur through the balmy July night.

"Darling, will you marry me?"

She stirred slightly, and her answer came as softly as the moonlight: *"As You Like It."*

Next day the young man spent many hours searching the shops for a ring suitable for his sweetheart, while she busied herself with plans for the wedding. He found a lovely circlet at the jewelry establishment kept by *The Merchant of Venice,* and he rushed with it to the maiden's house. After ceremoniously placing it on her finger, he suggested that they have the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* as the ushers. She agreed, and they decided further to have *Antony and Cleopatra* as the best man and maid of honor.

But just at this point in their rather disjointed discussion, *Romeo and Juliet* were interrupted by *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* These ladies, who had somehow learned the news of their betrothal, now proclaimed that they intended to give a reception immediately after the wedding. The ones most concerned were rather flabbergasted, because they had planned to be married quietly and go at once to the little *Hamlet* where they were to live, but they saw nothing to do but submit. This they did with more courtesy than enthusiasm, and thanked the ladies kindly. Plans went forward rapidly, and on the *Twelfth Night* of the following month Juliet became Mrs. Romeo.

But their happiness was doomed to be short-lived. Poor Romeo soon found that he had got himself into a predicament. His lovely little bride had a disposition like a *Tempest,* and he was forced to spend much of his time in *The Taming of the Shrew.* Their whole married life became *A Comedy of Errors.* The first quarrel was merely *Much Ado About Nothing,* but as each gave the other *Measure for Measure,* their quarrels increased in number and ferocity, until attempts at reconciliation looked hopeless.

It was at this time that *Julius Caesar* came to visit Romeo, who had been his room-mate in Holmtac College. Observing their quarrels (who could help it!), he impressed upon them the fact that if they did not stop their bickerings very soon it would become a case of *Love's Labour's Lost.* So Romeo swept Juliet into his arms, and Julius turned away, remarking wisely that *"All's Well That Ends Well."*

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